SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Thames Church Mission Society has fitted out a smack for use in converting the North Sea fishermen.

—The first colored Baptist Church in Western Pennsylvania has just been dedicated. It is located in Pittsburgh.

—Language lessons have been introduced in the St. Louis public schools with the intention to cultivate in the public schools scientific precision of statement.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—The School Board of Liverpool, Eng., after full discussion, have decided to use novels occasionally instead of ordinary reading books in the public schools. A beginning will be made with some of Scott's works.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The State of Michigan has now 239 Congregational churches. During the past year ten new churches were organized, and the total membership is 16,357.—*Detroit Post.*

—An exchange remarks: "Eatonton, Ga., has a population of 1,400, and by actual count they are only sixty-six persons that have attained the age of discretion who are not members of some church.

—There is a marked increase of attendance at religious services in Edinburgh, Scotland, since a leading Presbyterian preacher induced many employers of labor to give mechanics a half-holiday on Saturday.

—The abolition of recess in the Albany public schools, and the change of school hours to sessions of from nine to half-past eleven in the morning, and from a quarter past one to half-past three in the afternoon, have proved so successful an experiment that the board has made them permanent. Physical, moral and social results have all been excellent.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

—The good old "birch" times are coming back again. At a late meeting of the trustees of the college at Milledgeville, N. C., it was resolved that whipping was a proper means to enforce discipline when necessary in the primary and preparatory departments. The trustees believe that children are like postage stamps—you must lick 'em well to make 'em stick to their letters.

—The two largest dioceses of the Roman Catholic Church are presided over by two Bishops whose names are O'Connor. One is the Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, Bishop of Australia, the other is the Right Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop of Omaha. These two clergymen met recently by accident in Salt Lake City and passed several hours together.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A wealthy person died in Union Springs, Cayuga County, N. Y., the other day, and in her will left $4,000 to be used in building a Baptist Church, the church to be built within a certain time, or the money turned over to the Baptist State Convention. The church is now being built, although it has but one male member and several females. This will make the eighth church in the village, which has a population of but 1,200.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The girls of the Sunny clime describe this world as one of "bustle, toil and care." We agree with them—the women have all the bustle, and the men have the toil and care.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

—"Modestus" writes us: "There is natatorium in the city, so where can I learn to swim?" In the water, man alive, in the water. You didn't think of learning to swim in a hay mow, did you? —*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

—A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car. Well? He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform, either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is not a gentleman.—*Savannah Times.*

—A woman forgot to send home some work on Saturday. On Sunday morning she told a little girl who lived with her to put on her things and take the bundle under her shawl to the ladies house. "Nobody will see it," she said. "But is it not Sunday under my shawl, aunty?" asked the child.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* has never yet found a farmer wise enough to explain how red ears of corn can come from white kernels. What's the odds, so long as finding a red ear at a husking bee entitles you to kiss the best looking girl in the crowd?

—"Why do they call him a brakeman?" asked the child, after that excellent official had looked in at the car door and "hollered" one of the lamps out. "What does he break?" "He breaks the silence," said the father, and the train rolled on, laden with truth.—*Burdette.*

—"That's a nice overcoat you have," said a swell to his friend. "Think so?" he queried. "Well, I'm glad you like it." "New style, isn't it?" "No; I—that is, I don't know." "Anyhow, where did you get it?" "O, say, look here, now, you're asking too much; but I'll tell you if you won't give me away." "All right." "Well, sis and I swapped ulsters this season. That's what's the matter."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"How often does the ferry-boat start?" asked the lady. "Ivery fifteen minutes, mum." "How long is it since the boat left here?" "Tin minutes, mum." Lady waits ten minutes and then says: "Didn't you say the boat starts every fifteen minutes?" "I did, mum." "Well, I have waited here ten minutes since you said the boat had been gone ten minutes." "Yes, mum." "Then how do you make out that it starts every fifteen minutes?" "Why, you see, mum, it starruts from this soide wan fifteen minutes and from the other soide the next."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—"Why did you take that pair of lavender-colored pants from the store of Mose Schaumburg?" asked Justice Gregg of a colored culprit. "I ain't to blame, Jedge." "Who is to blame?" "My old mudder am to blame, Jedge. I took dem ar pants to save her life." "How so?" "She am mighty proud ob me, Jedge, becase I'm her only son, an' she would hab worried herself plum to deff if she had seed me wid my old pants on: so to keep her from worryin' herself to deff, I jess bought dese heah pants on credit——" "Ninety days in the county jail," interrupted the Justice.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mexican Banks.

Up to last February Mexico had no banks. Then a concession was given to French bankers with a capital of $20,000,000. The Government gave them the privilege of issuing bills to the amount of $60,000,000, and promised to give the bank the business of the Government offices. In return for the concession the bank gives the Government credit for $10,000,000. There is now no fear of further revolutions in the country, as with this large credit the Government can at once find means to put down an uprising. In the past the difficulty has been a lack of means to support an army. A bank has also recently been established in Sonora, one-fifth of the capital of which is held by Boston parties

The Bedouins of the Plains.

As you mingle with these cow-boys, you find in them a strange mixture of good nature and recklessness. You are as safe with them alone on the plains as with any class of men, so long as you do not impose on them. They will even deny themselves for your comfort, and imperil their lives for your safety. But impose upon them, or arouse their ire, and your life is of no more value in their esteem than that of a coyote. Morally, as a class, they are foul-mouthed, blasphemous, drunken, lecherous, utterly corrupt. Usually harmless on the plains when sober, they are dreaded in the towns, for then liquor has the ascendancy over them. They are also as improvident as the veriest "Jack" of the sea. Employed as cow-boys only six months in the year—from May till November—their earnings are soon squandered in dissoluteness, and then they hunt, or get odd jobs, to support themselves until another cattle season begins. They are never cumbered with baggage. What little they may have, besides the clothes they wear, and their revolver or gun, is carried in a bag, which they call their "war bag." Several weeks since one of them slung his war bag into the wagon, with the careless remark: "There, that holds all I've earned for seven years." They are utterly reckless of their own lives. Mr. Davis recently shot and wounded a huge bull buffalo—a most ugly antagonist in a fight. Three cow-boys immediately lighted out after him. One larinted him by the horns, another by a hind heel, and the third dismounted and leaped upon the enraged buffalo for a wild ride. "Missou," another of these reckless chaps, came upon four grizzly bears, two old ones and two large cubs. Unobserved by them, he dismounted and shot at one. The wounded bear turned upon the other as though its mate were the offender. For a little while the fur flew, and the very trees seemed to shake with the roar of the fighting beasts. "Missou" says he lay in ambush and shook his sides with laughter while watching the combat. Then he shot again and laid out one of the cubs. This shot arrested the attention of the bears, and they made for him. Dropping his gun, he hastily grabbed the pommel of his saddle, and just succeeded in drawing himself upon his frightened and running horse. The name of this fellow, so called from being a Missourian, suggests the fact that each one is dubbed with a name, and always one suited to some peculiar characteristic. For example, one upon this ranch is called "Gun-Sack Pete," another "Windy Jim," and a third, "Few Clothes," suggested by the scantiness of his wardrobe. These combined facts will show the appropriateness of a title given these fellows in a previous letter—the Bedouins of the plains. They never own any interest in the stock they tend. This dark picture of the cow-boys ought to be lightened by the statement that there is occasionally a white sheep among the black. True and devoted Christians are found in such company—men who will kneel down regularly and offer their prayers in the midst of their bawdy and cursing associates. They are like Lot in Sodom.

A word about the horses employed in this business. They are trained for the work, and know just how to avoid the goring horns of the attacking steers and bulls. A fact: One unfamiliar with the business was riding one of those horses, when a wild steer left the herd and rushed for him. In his fright he thrust his spurs into the sides of the horse and tried to make him flee. The horse, however, stood as if paralyzed. But just as the steer came up, and while the alarmed rider was anticipating naught but death for himself and his horse, the horse dexterously darted to one side, and, as the steer passed, the horse wheeled and ran directly after him, or began to drive him onward. Then a trained horse will throw the strongest steer or bull. His rider approaches with lariat, one end of which is firmly tied to the pommel of the saddle. The other end is fixed with a noose, and the expert cow-boy throws this over the head or about the heels of the creature, when his horse settles back upon his haunches, and when the lariat straightens with a sudden jerk, the fleeing animal is as suddenly tumbled over. Of course, such an experiment with a full-grown steer is never attempted on a green horse. The horses are first trained to the business by experiments on the younger stock.—*Wyoming Cor. Providence Herald.*

What it Meant.

When Billy Root was a little boy he was of a philosophical and investigating turn of mind, and wanted to know almost everything. He also desired to know it immediately. He could not wait for time to envelop his intellect, but he crowded things and wore out the patience of his father, a learned savant, who was president of a livery stable in Chicago. One day Billy ran across the grand hailing sign which is generally represented as a tape worm in the beak of the American eagle, on which is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Billy, of course, asked his father what "E Pluribus Unum" meant. He wanted to gather in all the knowledge he could, so that when he came out west he could associate with some of our best men.

"I admire your strong appetite for knowledge, Billy," said Mr. Root, "you have a morbid craving for cold hunks of ancient history and cyclopedia that does my soul good, and I am glad, too, that you come to your father to get accurate data for your collection. That is right. Your father will always lay aside his work at any time and gorge your young mind with knowledge that will be as useful to you as a farrow cow. "E Pluribus Unum" is an old Greek inscription that has been handed down from generation to generation, preserved in brine, and signifies that "the tail goes with the hide."—*Nye's Boomerang.*

Society Note.

A coolness has arisen between Kosiusco Murphy and Mrs. Hufnagel, one of the most fashionable ladies of Austin. There was a lawn party at the Hufnagel mansion. Mrs. Hufnagel showed Mr. Murphy over the grounds, and asked him what he thought of their arrangement.

"I am delighted madam," was the reply. "Wherever I look I see the footprints of your genius."

As Mrs. Hufnagel has a foot almost as big as a wheelbarrow, she supposed there was something personal in the remark. She did not hint exactly that she was not glad to have him stay to supper, but she opened the gate, and pointed into the street, and Murphy, who is very sensitive, strolled away.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Toronto papers say that much complaint of extortions of hackmen is being made by American visitors to that city, and they advise that strangers consult a policeman before making a bargain with them. Rather than be put to the trouble of walking two or three miles through Toronto streets hunting for a policeman, we shall stay out of the city altogether. —*Philadelphia News.*

Scenes at the New York Horse Markets.

The stranger who is passing Twenty-fourth Street, in the Third Elevated Railroad, does not need to be told that he is in the vicinity of the great horse marts of the city. His olfactory nerves speedily assure him of the fact. If anything further is needed he has only to glance out of the car windows and he will catch fleeting glimpses of stable boys and men, whose "horsy" proclivities are not to be mistaken, engaged in handling refractory beasts or discussing the points of the animals with the air of connoisseurs. Let the stranger get off at the Twenty-third Street station and spend an hour among the numerous long, narrow stables that make up the neighborhood known to New Yorkers as "The Bull's Head," and he will wonder where all the horses come from that supply this market. The countryman who spends days haggling over a trade will see a single dealer sell horses as fast as the stableman can trot them before the eyes of the purchasers.

"How many horses do you sell in a year?" asked a *Tribune* reporter recently of a Bull's Head dealer.

"Ten or twelve thousand," he replied.

"Where do they all come from?"

"From all over the country: Canada, the New England States, the Middle States, the Southern States and the Western States, and recently there have been importations of the thick-necked, heavy Norman horses from France. These latter are for breeding purposes. To supply this market, 30,000 horses a year are required. Every street railroad keeps a man scouring the country for suitable horses for its use. They want light, quick horses that weigh about 1,100 pounds. The brewery and express companies and the heavy truckmen will take the largest horses they can get. The nearer to 2,000 pounds a horse weighs, the more they will pay for him. It is to supply this demand that the Norman horses are being brought to this country. I have a stable of Norman horses, one of street-car horses, one filled with old hacks to sell to street peddlers, and one where the young fellow who wants to take his girl out behind a 'toppy' team can be accommodated."

So crowded are these stables that it is difficult to move about between the horses without being trampled upon. Yet the stablemen shift the horses about and trot them before the buyers with surprising agility. While the reporter was standing looking at the busy scene in one of these stables and listening to the stamping of hoofs and the crack of the dealer's whip as the horses sped past him, a stable boy walked slowly by, with an expression of pain on his features and holding his hand to his side.

"I'm afeared I am laid up for good, this time," he said as the reporter asked him whereabouts he was kicked. There is the same scene, with more or less activity, in all the stables all day long until night comes, when the animals are fed, rubbed down and blanketed, as the sea air quickly gives a country horse the pneumonia or lung fever.

When the young horse is brought from the country he receives his "breaking in" at the hands of the street-car or truck driver. In either case the result is the same. He is well fed and well groomed, but driven remorselessly over the Belgian blocks for two years until he is stiff and spavined. Then he is sold on a "cleaning-out" day to a street peddler. The poor horse then finds that his troubles have just begun, and henceforth there is only the watchful humanity of Mr. Bergh to protect him.

Last year Mr. Bergh kindly killed about 1,500 of these horses. Then their carcasses were sent to Barren Island. There every particle of them is utilized. Their bones are made into knife-handles and combs and find a ready sale. Their hides are tanned for leather, and their hoofs are made into glue and mucilage.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Industrial Education in the Public Schools.

There is a growing feeling among the students of industrial problems that our whole conception of education in general, and of industrial training in particular, needs revision and enlargement. This feeling is based upon such easily observed facts as the following:

1. Paupers are on the increase.

2. Our schools too often educate their pupils out of harmony with their environment, thus justifying the charge that education (falsely so called) unfits its possessors for useful industry.

3. The simpler and less important positions in the world's workshop are as a rule greatly overcrowded, while in the upper stories there is a vast amount of unoccupied space.

4. The work done in the lower stories is often exceedingly shabby.

5. Many who aspire to the upper stories fail to enter—or, if they apparently enter, soon end in failure.

6. The chosen few who truly enter, and build up magnificent industrial fabrics, with the splendid fortunes which such fabrics imply, fail to educate their children to carry on their good work, or to do work of similar value in some other department of useful industry.

7. A whole community of prosperous workmen may be well-nigh reduced to beggary by the incoming of some new invention, or by change in the fortunes or tastes of consumers.

8. When old industries are swept away and new ones established on the wrecks, there is usually little power on the part of workmen to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

4. The relentless law of the survival of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous, instead of the Christian law of mutual consideration and co-operation, too generally prevails among individuals and all kinds of human organizations.

That all education should be industrial, and that everybody should be industrially educated, we believe to be a perfectly tenable proposition.—*Prof. H. H. Straight, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Adulterated Opium.

It appaars from chemical investigation that opium is generally worse even than it appears to be, from the fact that, on account of its many adulterations, its strength can only be guessed at. Some samples lately analyzed showed that over a third of the mass was composed of crushed linseed. Other samples are found mixed with liquorice, cashew, sesame oils, gum arabic and tragacanth, sand, vegetable earth, lead, starch and animal excrement. A lot imported into England looked well, but contained only two per cent. of morphine. Bullets of clay, chopped poppy leaves, rumex leaves; tubercles of helianthus, dahlia, colchicum and dried mushrooms are found, the resinous character of the substance being supplied by a plentiful use of pitch. Turkish opium contains raisins, crushed poppy, desiccated eggs, wax, rosin and pulverized brick. One sample was made up of opium, clay and dried excrement.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The waltz will soon be waltzed out of style, or at least the hugging part of it. Many dancing-masters now refuse to teach it in any form. Form on for a quadrille!

Newfoundland Fogs.

Next to its dogs, Newfoundland's fame rests on its fogs. The Arctic current, driving southward and along the coast, meets the Gulf Stream and condenses the warmer vapors, just as a glass of ice-water gathers drops. The mists comparatively seldom penetrate inland, but in one direction or another they hang around the island with a weird darkness like that of smoke, and closing in—a "sea turn" they call it here—make navigation on the cruel coast as dangerous as on any waters of the globe. Hundreds of stout ships have steered to wreck in the mists on the rock-ribbed shores, and a winter's journey to St. John's is more perilous than a trip to Europe, the Allan steamships sometimes using eleven days for the 540 miles from Halifax to St. John's. A spot traditional with disaster is "Mistaken Point," a little west of Cape Race, so called because of the difficulty of distinguishing it in the fog from the cape itself. Here, within a few days of each other, the steamships Washington and Cromwell, in 1877, ran ashore and were lost, with some seventy lives, not a soul escaping. From the heights above the fishermen saw corpses and wreckage churning against the lower cliffs, but only two bodies were secured by an adventurous seaman, who went down the face of the rocks by a rope. Internally and as a whole—except, perhaps, in the track yet to be penetrated by the railroad—Newfoundland is an unpromising region—a land of continuous rock, here and there covered with boggy wastes, and with vast areas where old firs, killing the low firs, have left wastes of dead trees that tire the eye with their monotony and expanse. The summers are brief and moderately warm, the springs marked by a marvellously sudden burst of vegetation, the winters about as cold as those of New England, and attended by deep snowfalls. Along some of the roads are seen now lines of stakes as tall as small telegraph poles, placed at short intervals, to make out the winter path. The Vermont toll-house keeper who, after the big snowfall, put out the notice, "Toll taken at the second story window; after the next storm please drop the change down the chimney," would have found a rare field for his drollery on these semi-Arctic winter roads. Newfoundland has lakes without number, some of them sixty miles long, and teeming with trout. She has wilderness where game are abundant; she raises fine vegetables, and she, late in August, placed fresh strawberries on our table. But as yet she yields to commerce little except copper, ore, seals and codfish. Her people, as a rule, are so backward as almost to be archaic, and here, at St. Johns, the watchmen from ten o'clock to daylight call the hours. Excluding the wealthier classes, and decidedly including the alleged hotels of St. Johns, the country still lacks essentially those prime elements of civilization, a clean bed and "square" meals.—*Cor. N. Y. Post.*

An Anonymous Letter.

A day or two ago a widow living on Sixteenth Street called the policeman on that beat into the house and informed him that she had a very serious case on hand. Some one had written her an anonymous letter, and she wanted the officer to trace out the guilty party if it took him until January, 1892.

"What was in the letter?" he asked.

"I will read it. It begins: 'My dear friend,' and goes on to say that the writer has fallen in love with my red cheeks, sparkling eyes and dimpled chin."

"He must be a blind man," bluntly observed the officer. "I don't see any red cheeks or dimples."

"Perhaps you don't, sir," she coldly replied, "but I will read further. He says that my image is constantly before his eyes, and that I am the subject of his dreams."

"Well, that's all right," said the officer, "unless he lets the image bother his eyes when a butcher-cart is around. He is evidently mashed."

"And further down he says that the sight of me getting off the street car sends a thrill through his whole system."

"Very likely, madam—that is, if you catch your foot and sprawl on the ground. I think I know the old coon who wrote that letter."

"Old coon!"

"Yes, an old codfish down here who has had three wives and seventeen children."

"Sir! how dare you imagine that he would write to me?"

"And I'll see that he is arrested."

"No, you won't! I warn you not to interfere in this case in any manner."

"But I thought you wanted the guilty punished?"

"Who said I did? I simply wanted you to trace it out and give me the name of the writer."

"So that you could prosecute him?"

"No, sir! I wanted to know if he was in earnest, and if he was—you see—you know—I would——"

"You'd write him that if his conduct was repeated you'd appeal to the law?"

"I think you needn't bother with the case at all!" she remarked, as she swallowed a lump in her throat. "You don't seem—that is you appear—that is, good day, sir!"

"And what she wanted of me," said the officer as he went back to his beat, "was to assure her that some one really wrote the letter in earnest, and that he probably meant all he said. Once sure of that she would have answered it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Sometimes a policeman will have something happen to make him real mad. He was a tall, solid-looking officer, evidently with a pretty good idea of his own importance, and a determination to do his duty at all hazards. Something had occurred to make it necessary for him to take to the station one of those little street Arabs who are always up to mischief. The boy didn't weigh over seventy pounds, and the policeman having a grip on the larger part of the boy's back, was lugging him along, when a man on a team hauled up to the curb-stone, and hailing the policeman, asked: "Do you need any help?"—*Boston Post.*

—Even tramps have tender sensibilities. One in Nashville was told if he would split a cord of wood he could have the breakfast for which he asked. He felt so hurt over the unfeeling reply that he went out to the wood pile and stole the ax, and now the lady of the house thinks that she would have saved money by feeding him one beefsteak at thirty-three cents and potatoes at five cents per pound.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A smile as large as they can indulge in in Rhode Island without its lying over the territory of the adjacent States, is now in progress in that commonwealth on the discovery that the sentinel, who, during the recent siege of Canonchet stood upon the outer walls and held the place against all comers, was a fourteen-year-old house-girl who put on martial attire for the occasion.

A Big Shrinkage.

"Eating is largely a matter of habit. None of us need more than half the food we eat." The speaker was a gentleman from Salt Lake City, now visiting professional friends in Boston. The interviewer, just from the table, where he had dined too heartily, perhaps felt the force of the remark more at just that time than he would at most any other. "No; I've no desire to be interviewed. I don't care to be presented to the public as a monstrosity, but I have been remarkably successful in decreasing the amount of my flesh, which had become a burden to me."

"Something after the Banting system, or did you take any of the 'anti-fat' remedies so common?"

I discounted Banting, following a much more rigid course. You see," said the gentleman, with a self-satisfactory chuckle," it came about this way. I am only five feet seven inches high, with bones as small as those of a woman, and two years ago I measured fifty-eight inches about the waist, twenty-four inches round the neck——"

"Gracious, what a collar!" interjected the interviewer.

"Well, it wasn't a neck exactly. My head set in a chunk of fat on my shoulders. That's about all there was to my neck. One night, after having surveyed myself in the mirror and thinking what an ungainly piece of flesh I was, I went to bed and had a dream that I was sought for by a circus man, who had been successful in exhibiting curiosities in a side-show. The next day I thought more about it and determined to get rid of some of the 270 pounds of flesh I had; just as hard, solid flesh as you ever saw. Food assimilated with my system nicely, you see, and I ate enough for two men at a meal. I began at once. Two meals a day, eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. What did I eat? Beefsteak principally, six to eight ounces at a meal, with two ounces of bread toasted hard. Nothing else! Except an occasional change to mutton, but no vegetables, no pork, no veal."

"And for drinks?"

"No water, except in sips. Fleshy persons always are tempted to drink large quantities of water. Now, let them sip their water, and it will soon become insipid (no pun intended) and will quench their thirst just as well. I usually drank a cup of tea without milk or sugar."

"Didn't you grow hungry at first?"

"Hungry? Well, I had always dined with Dives, on the best I could get, and looked forward to my dinner as the great delight of the day. Now I was dining with Lazarus. Yes, I suffered a good deal from hunger at the outset—a hack at the swill-barrel would have been a luxury. You see, I began by trying my diet at the family table, right at the midst of temptation, but I soon had to give that up. My wife weighed my meals every day, and served them to me in a separate room. I ate what was set before me, and had to be content. Hungry? Well, I've seen the time during my dieting that I would have robbed the support of a man with a wife and fourteen children to get a square meal."

"What encouragement did you get?"

"Well, I weighed myself every morning, and now, here, no one can successfully diet to reduce flesh unless he weighs himself regularly. When I began to see that I was reducing at the rate of one, one and a-half, two, and some days as high as four pounds a day, I felt encouraged and persisted. The first month I lost twenty-two pounds, and in a few months more I was so reduced that I could walk a mile or ride on horseback. That did me good."

"You smoked some during the time?"

"Yes, fifteen or twenty cigars a day. Smoking doesn't seem to be injurious to me. I had to do something to keep my nerves soothed."

"Do you still keep up your rigid system of diet?"

"Well, while I am here in the East I am eating as much in a day as I ought to in a week, but the moment I see I am gaining flesh I start in again with the weights and measures."

"How much flesh have you lost since you began two years ago?"

"I weighed 270 at the start; now I weigh 190. I have reduced my waist measurement from fifty-eight to forty inches, and I wear an eighteen and one-half inch collar where I used to wear a twenty-four inch, and I feel every so much better. I can get around easily and take some comfort. There is nothing like it. According to insurance tables a man of my height and build should weigh about 158 pounds. I presume I could diet down to nearly that, but I am satified.—*Boston Globe.*

The Bank Cashier's Vacation.

The bank cashier and two of the Directors have just finished a confidential chat in the back parlor when in walks the Secretary with a newspaper in his hand and observes:

"There it is again—another Cashier embezzles $30,000 and skips."

"Ah!" says the first Director.

"Ah!" echoes the second.

"Ah! that reminds me," adds the Cashier. "If you hadn't happened to mention it I might have forgotten it entirely. Fourteen years ago I began to rob this bank of a few dollars at a time and cover my offense by false entries."

"No!" by the three in chorus.

"I have taken $13,500 up to date, and you have not missed a dollar of it. I can't restore ten dollars of the sum."

"Your bond!" yelled the President.

"Neither signed nor dated," replied the Cashier.

"We'll put you in prison!"

"And my friends will get me a pardon in six months."

"But think of the disgrace!"

"Pooh! Think of the injury to the bank, rather."

"The Cashier lights a twenty-center and puts his feet on the table, and the trio retire to a corner, whisper, nod, agree, and the President returns and says:

"Young man, here is $500 to take you on a vacation for six weeks; go and regain your lost health, and if you want a certificate of character write us and it shall be forwarded by first mail."—*Wall Street Daily News.*

—Complaint is made in California about the extortionate charges of court stenographers. The Judges of the Superior Courts get salaries of only $4,000, but their stenographers frequently make $10,000 a year. When the Judges forget or do not attend to the testimony in cases tried before them without a jury, which is often the case, they require the stenographers to write out copies of their notes at the expense of the litigants. In a recent case a judge at Alameda required this to be done, and for transcribing testimony taken during a five hours' trial the stenographer charged $110.

—A Cincinnati man in trying to break a forty-dollar colt smashed up ninety dollars' worth of property, but as he had the applause of some two hundred men and boys he didn't mind the loss much. —*Courier-Journal.*

A Sharper Skinned.

A very simple method by which a "skin" gambler was victimized out of $800 was related yesterday forenoon in the saloon of John Fury, No. 214 Federal Street, Camden, where the woe-begone victim landed almost penniless at twelve o'clock in search of consolation and a a drink. To gentlemen who sit in front of the green-topped tables nightly and take in greenhorns he is tolerably well known. Rural dupes who have chanced to meet him in New York or Philadelphia know him to their sorrow. His name is Thaddeus Pratt, or more familiarly "Poker Tad."

Philadelphia having proven rather a poor pasture for the last two or three months wherein victims came to gaze, Mr. Pratt fell into rather an impecunious condition. He managed to retain his diamond breastpin, however, and a suit of very elegant clothes of pronounced pattern, but his purse was very flat. He declared repeatedly that Philadelphia was the "meanest town in the country for work," and when his funds reached the low ebb of seventeen dollars Mr. Pratt determined to emigrate for some western clime, where victims grew on roadside bushes. Mr. Pratt took a portion of his seventeen dollars, or, as he would more elegantly phrase it, "seventeen cases," and betook him to the pool-room of McColgan & Hughes, on Sansom street, above Eighth. He made an investment on a horse race. He bought "Maid of Athol," and walked into Eighth Street almost $200 dollars richer.

Mr. Pratt felt jubilant over his luck, and, after taking sundry drinks, he went to the Broad Street station and purchased a ticket for Pittsburgh. On the trip westward his "luck" ran high. He got into the confidence of a clerical-looking young man at Altoona, and relieved the young man of $90 at a friendly game of poker. In Pittsburgh an ancient farmer, who thought he knew more about cards than Mr. Pratt, left his pocketbook with the latter, after learning that four kings were slightly inferior to four aces. The purse contained a trifle over $300. To avoid any unpleasant complications, Mr. Pratt purchased a ticket for Massillon, on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad. In that thriving little town Mr. Pratt was fortunate. He formed the acquaintance of a cigarette-young-man, who, up to the time he met the genial Pratt, was possessed of a very handsome gold watch and chain and $200 in cash. When Mr. Pratt said "ta-ta" and started for the railroad station, bound for Wooster, the cigarette-young-man was watchless and penniless. In Wooster, a sophomore belonging to the University, who knew more about Euclid than he did about the geometrical possibilities of "three card monte," fell an easy victim to the tune of $90—the last remittance from a loving father. These few windfalls gave Mr. Pratt an excellent start, and for a week afterwards he made three or four similar strokes, eventually swelling his capital to about $850. Fort Wayne proving a poor field for successful operations, Mr. Pratt thought he would start east again. He bought a ticket for Toledo, on the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad, in order to avoid meeting any of the gentlemen who had swelled his pocketbook, and who might possibly say something rude. After leaving Toledo for Pittsburgh without any particular incident, Mr. Pratt thought it about time to look about for a fresh victim. He found one at Altoona, or at least he thought he did. A tall, verdant looking chap, with "greeny" written on every feature, entered the car and seated himself beside Mr. Pratt. "Greeny" immediately opened a channel or acquaintanceship by asking Mr. Pratt what time the train would reach Philadelphia. Mr. Pratt told him, and remarked that the crops were looking beautiful. Mr. Verdant said they were, and added that railroad riding was "pesky bothersome." Mr. Pratt agreed with him, and proposed a friendly game of "keards" to while away the time. Mr. Greeny was willing, and a deck being produced by the gambler, the two began at a game of "Old Sledge." On the second hand Mr. Greeny remarked that if he was playing poker he would go $100 on his hand. Mr. Pratt looked at his own hand and said that he believed that it was worth that, too, and backing it up by producing the cash. The victim covered it promptly, and then, throwing down a trade dollar, said, "Just for luck I'll bet that I win your money."

Mr. Pratt at once threw down a silver dollar to take up the challenge. The ring of the metal was a great deal clearer than that shown by Mr. Verdant. It attracted Mr. Pratt's attention. He picked up the coin and examined them. "Let us bet on our hands," said he, impatiently. "That coin of yours is no good."

"Yes, it is," said Greeny. "I'm willin' to bet $500 it's good, an' don't you forget it."

Mr. Pratt picked up the dollar and examined it carefully. It was of a dull leaden color, and when thrown down had no "ring" whatever. Mr. Pratt saw a chance for a stake. "I'll bet $300 it's a counterfeit coin, said he, bringing out three $100 bills. "All right," replied Greeny, producing the same amount. "I bet that the coin is good silver, and will leave it to the conductor."

"Agreed," said Mr. Pratt, and the card stakes were added, making the wager $500 each.

The coin was held by the gambler until the conductor came through the car. He was asked to decide the bet. One contemptuous glance was given the coin, without any close examination. "It's the worst I ever saw," said he; "a blind man couldn't get stuck on that."

"Wait a minute," said Greeny, quietly, as Mr. Pratt was about to gather up the stakes. "Just take another look, won't you? Here's a knife—cut into it."

The conductor smiled, but did as requested. What was his astonishment to find that the coin was covered with a thin coating of tinfoil, which had been cleverly pasted on with mucilage. It had been pounded on so neatly as to bring out the figures on each side in dull relief, giving the appearance of being a counterfeit. The foil gave it the dead sound and the appearance of lead.

Mr. Pratt opened his mouth very wide, but gave up the money. "As long as you've beaten me so neatly," he said, "you might give me an insight. How is it done?"

Greeny obligingly showed the trick, and then very kindly offered to give the crestfallen gambler a coin already prepared, so that he might have a chance "to get even."

"A rich old countryman will get on at Harrisburg," said Greeny, "and I'll give you a chance to go for him. I intended to 'catch on' myself, but you seem to be a pretty good sort of fellow and didn't 'squeal,' so you can make all there is in it. Just play the same racket as I did."

Mr. Pratt felt thankful for the chance, and kept his eye on the car door. Sure enough, a burly countryman entered a few moments before the train started, and as Greeny had left his seat the countryman had dropped into it. In less than twenty minutes he was holding five cards in his sun-browned fist. Mr. Pratt remarked that his hand was worth just about $1. The big agriculturist, by way of reply, laid down a dollar-note. Mr. Pratt produced his prepared coin. The farmer laughed, and said he wasn't betting against that kind of money. Mr. Pratt became indignant, and offered to bet $100 that the dollar was perfectly good. "Wall," said the rural gentleman, "I've got $300 that says its a rank counterfeit."

Mr. Pratt had his money up in a minute. "We'll leave it to this gentleman back of us, if you say so," said he, and the farmer assenting a man in the rear seat was called up to decide. "It's a counterfeit," said he, just taking one glance. "But," said Mr. Pratt, "won't you please cut into it with this knife?" The gentleman took the knife and applied its edge to the coin. It went through as though the coin was made of old cheese. The coin was lead. "Fury," said the gambler, after relating this dismal experience, "give me a drink—I'll pay you in the morning."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The Basking Shark.

The shark-fishing of earlier days in New England was a not unimportant industry. Then the great basking shark, *Cetorhinus*, was the chief game, and so closely were they followed that they were nearly driven from the Maine coast, rarely being seen here at present. One of the principal places for the fishery was at Provincetown, Cape Cod. Here it was known as the bowe, or basking shark. Captain Atwood had met with only three specimens, one of which had drifted ashore in a state of decomposition. A fisherman visited the latter for the purpose of procuring a slice for his hens, as is the custom at Provincetown, supposing it to be a dead whale. As certaining what the animal was, he removed the liver and sold the oil (five or six barrels) in Boston for $103. In 1848 quite a number of these sharks were met with off Cape Elizabeth, near the coast of Maine, and several were secured. A tradition exists among the eastern fishermen that about one hundred years ago the basking shark was taken in considerable numbers for the oil. In Storer's picture of this fish the features are very singular and striking. The nose is blunt, the gill openings exceedingly long, occupying nearly the whole depth of the shoulders, and the tail is large and curiously winged at the extremity. Jarrell figures this fish, and says that it is called sunfish on the Welsh and Irish coasts, from the fact that it lies on the surface of the water, nearly motionless, in the sun for a considerable length of time. This writer says that the largest specimen he has seen was taken off Brighton, and measured thirty-six feet in length. The term sailfish is derived from the fact that the creature swims listlessly along the surface, exposing its dorsal fin like a sail above water. In Orkney it is called *Hoe-mother*, and by contraction *Homer*—that is, the mother of the picked dogfish, which is there called *Hoe*. One of the largest of these fishes was captured some time ago off the George's Banks. It measured seventy feet in length, and when partly hoisted aboard the schooner, that was sixty feet long, it hung five feet over each end. The liver filled several large barrels. The basking shark affords occupation to fishermen in many countries. In some parts of Newfoundland it is harpooned, and in Iceland there are several permanent fisheries, the spec or blubber being one of the staples at Fiskernaes. Within a few years the shark fisheries have greatly increased, and now extend to Proven. The chief place is at Neorkanck, where as many as 350 sharks, all the way from twenty-five to seventy feet long, are brought in every season. The oil is extremely pure, resisting the cold, and well adapted for lubrication, bringing a greater price at Copenhagen than the finest class of seal oil.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

First Cousins to Their Grandmother.

Relationships, of course, figure largely in novels. In the old romances it may almost be said that everybody turned out in the end to be everybody else's grandmother! One would suppose that every kind of discovered relationship had been already utilized to form a striking incident in novels. And yet we venture to say that the following "notion" has hitherto been overlooked by inventors of plots, to whom we freely offer it.

Imagine the bride and bridegroom, after innumerable trials and obstacles of every kind, to be at last at the altar and the marriage service begun. The officiating bishop (we will suppose the contracting parties to be of such noble birth that it takes a Bishop to unite them) asks whether any one can allege any impediment now, "or else forever hold his peace." To the dismay of the wedding party, an old woman (the evil genius or fairy not invited to the christening) comes forward and explains—what she alone has known—the mystery in which the birth of the bride's mother, long since dead, was involved. Documents are produced which prove, to the satisfaction (or rather dissatisfaction) of all present, that the bride's maternal grandmother was the bridegroom's half-sister, nearly fifty years older than himself; "and, therefore," concludes the malicious old beldame, "as a man cannot marry his niece, the marriage is unlawful!" Great sensation, of course, ensues; but the Bishop, who is well up in the Table of Kindred, etc., quietly remarks: "A man may not marry his niece, but he may marry his great-niece," and accordingly proceeds with the service, to the discomfiture of the ancient hag and the joy of everybody else.

Such a marriage, indeed, would be quite lawful, for the relationship, it will be observed, is one of four degrees, and, accordingly, it is not one of the "forbidden degrees," Should such a marriage be followed by progeny, we should have the curious result that children would have their own mother for a "Welsh niece," and would be first cousins to their grandmother, and first cousins twice removed to themselves.

A marriage in high life actually took place, a few years ago, in which the bridegroom was first cousin twice removed to the bride. Her ladyship, therefore, became daughter-in-law to her own Welsh nephew; and when a son and heir appeared upon the scene, he figured as second cousin to one grandfather and as great-great-great nephew to the other, who was less than sixty years of age.—*London Society.*

—An advertisement in the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, says: "Mrs. C. Edge has grown five sunflowers from seed from Utica, Oneida County, America, seven feet four inches high, leaf one foot in length and breadth, stem four and a half inches in circumference; blossom, outer edge orange with pale yellow centers, circumference of the blossom of sunflower eighteen inches; they are a splendid specimen of the sunflower, worthy of cultivation as a curiosity."